conclusion. Then I elaborated the maxim that it is impossible to fight bullets with ballots—a maxim I now hold erroneous but then thought very convincing. My address was interrupted repeatedly by applause. The Cadets had not anticipated an attack from the left. Their arguments against the boycott sounded as if they themselves were not sure of their position. The meeting proved a success for our tactics and set a pattern for the election campaign in St. Petersburg, which centered on the contest between the Cadets and the Bolsheviks.

The law barring the advocacy of boycott proved to be a greater handicap for the moderates than for the leftists. When a police officer interrupted me in another meeting and threatened to dissolve it, I turned to the chairman and said:

"This is a meeting of your party. As a guest, I do not wish to inconvenience you. Furthermore, the strongest argument in support of my thesis has been presented by this gentleman in uniform. I have nothing to add."

The chairman, pointing to the excitedly applauding audience, said to the officer, "You are aiding the leftists. Can't you use your brains?"

The officer, red in the face, replied, "In the force, we are not supposed to use brains. We follow instructions."

When the St. Petersburg Committee asked me to organize the S-D campaign, I found that most of the party propagandists could not cope with open meetings. Finally, I picked four or five more sophisticated than the others and persuaded the organization to forbid volunteers to take the floor in meetings at which our "licensed" speakers were present. My own task was to fence with the Cadet professors and lawyers. By imitating their somewhat pedantic style, I easily gained the reputation of being a "serious" political speaker. Several of my speeches were transcribed and published as pamphlets, bringing me unexpectedly high royalties.

My father attended half a dozen meetings at which I spoke and was impressed. "I would prefer to have you stick to mathematics," he said to me after a meeting, "but politics may also be a career." At home, he and my mother told me that they would reconcile themselves to my obsession with politics if I would persuade my older brother to keep out of this dangerous business. "He is of no use to your party," they pleaded. "You are at least in your element on the stage."

I succeeded in getting my brother to abstain from public speeches. But personally I did not enjoy the campaign. I felt that all we could achieve by advocating a boycott was to shake the people's confidence in the Duma, and I doubted whether this would strengthen